The Liberalist

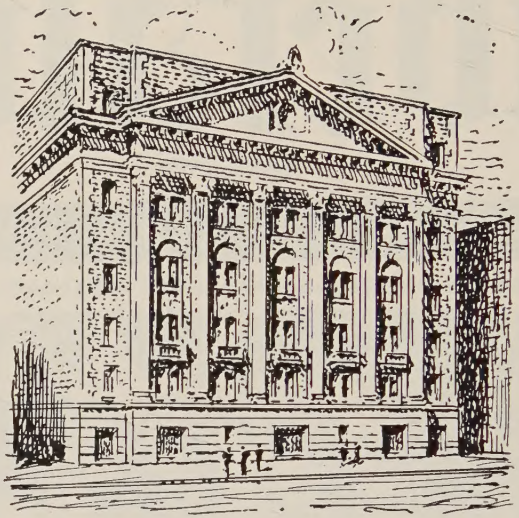
VOLUME XXXIII MAY, 1956 Number 2

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Good news, old world, good news;
The river and the winds refuse
To keep the matter still;
There's gossip on the hill.
My soul!
The oriole
Is on the knoll!

Good morning, friend of mine, arise!
And hear God singing in the skies.
The fields are wet with dew,
The skies are cloudless, blue;
The dark
Has gone, and hark!
The meadowlark!

("Good News From God" from "I Saw God Wash the World" by Angela Morgan.)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

MANY of our subscribers and readers of the Liberalist live far removed from Chicago. It is obvious from the letters we receive that they are always interested when I talk about our church and its activities. With this in mind I am going to tell you something of the joyous and triumphant Easter in the Church. This was my 44th Easter with the Peoples Church of Chicago. I can recapture at will the event and observance of our first Easter together. I preached my first sermon in the church on July 5, 1912. Our first meeting place was a hall in Viking Temple on North Clark Street. We remained there for a month, when the opportunity came for the church to move to what was called Arcola Hall, located further north on Clark Street and just across the street from where the Cubs Baseball Park is now located. I preached my first sermon there in September, 1912. It was a fine meeting place and for the services the platform was turned into a pulpit which, together with draperies and other decorations created a worshipful environment. As I recall, there were about 300 seats in the hall. At our first service we had 67 people. After the service the Board of Trustees said to me: "We will stay here a year, hoping to outgrow the hall, and then we will seek for another meeting place."

We held our services in Arcola Hall during the year and the first time we had every seat occupied was on Easter day, 1913. That was my first Easter with the church. I can easily recall the happiness of that day. We were all delighted to have the hall filled. It was a great stimulus to everyone interested in the church. The Board of Trustees felt that the time had arrived when we could seek larger quarters and during the summer of 1913 a committee was appointed to explore the possibility of renting the Wilson Avenue Theatre on Wilson Avenue near Broadway, several blocks north of Arcola Hall and in the heart of what was then spoken of as "the elite Wilson Avenue District." The Wilson Avenue Theatre, which is now the Bank of Chicago, seated 1,000 people. It seemed a colossal undertaking to me. I was a young preacher, not very well known even in our own North Side Community of Chicago, but I was making friends and had received one or two invitations to speak at various clubs and organizations.

We had some very influential men and women on our Board of Trustees, and they opened many doors for me. Dr. James F. Presnell was a member of our Board and was one of the first to envisage a future for the Peoples Church. He was a well known Chicago physician and Mrs. Presnell was active in many worthwhile projects in the city. Their son, Robert Presnell, has become a writer of distinction in Hollywood and his son is having a career in Hollywood. There were others to whom I shall always be indebted and the memory of them is an abiding benediction upon me in these days. Mr. and Mrs. Abel L. Allen come to mind immediately. Mr. Allen was a distinguished Chicago lawyer and also an author, writing a well-known book called "The Message of New Thought." Mr. Harry L. Ruggles, of the Ruggles Printing Company, who is still living in California and whose son Kenneth, has just been elected President of the Chicago Rotary Club, was another helpful member. Harry Ruggles was one of the finest men I have ever

known. It was he who introduced community singing at a luncheon table the first time it was ever done and now all the luncheon clubs sing at their meetings.

Mr. James F. Coon, for many years a member of the organization of Almer Coe & Company, and his family were devoted workers. Mr. William C. Van Gilder, well-known real estate man in Chicago, was a member of the Board. There were many others who helped in innumerable ways. Mr. A. N. Marquis, editor and founder of Who's Who in America, was a member of our Board and a vital factor in the development of the church, and Mrs. Marquis shared his interest. I could go on and on, and some day I hope to have time to sit down in my Study and write a definitive history of the early days of our church. Many of our present day members haven't the remotest idea of the love and devotion and sacrifice that went into the early days of the church. It never would have survived for these 44 years without the devotion, the vision and the courage of the early members.

One of the great joys I have had until recently, now that practically all of the early personalities in the work have passed on, has been the continuing and abiding friendship and support of the family of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gairing. Mr. and Mrs. Gairing were charter members of the church and, when Mrs. Gairing passed on quite recently, we lost our only surviving charter member of the church. Her daughter, Virginia, now a mother of a beautiful daughter, and her son George, now a resident of Venezuela, are always present in the church whenever possible. I was delighted to see them on Easter day. It linked up the glory of the present with the dreams of the past.

We had our first service in the Wilson Avenue Theatre in September, 1913. The main floor seated about 500 people and the balcony 500 more. At the first service we had about 200 people, with no one in the balcony. We went on that winter and all of us were looking forward to Easter day, 1914. We had only one service. We all had worked hard that it might be a beautiful service. We had a String Trio furnish the music, we had excellent soloists, and when I walked out to the pulpit, there wasn't a seat in the theatre empty: the main floor, the balcony and the boxes were all filled. For the first time in my life I was preaching to an audience of 1,000 people. Though I have undiminished appreciation for every Easter since, that first Easter occupies a little niche in my hall of memory all by itself, and even though it was so long ago I can recapture the memory of the service any moment I choose. The years have not dimmed one single thing about that service. After it was over I stood in the lobby for an hour and greeted people, most of whom I had never seen; but from that service on, for the whole five years we met in the theatre, our church grew.

Then came the building of the beautiful new Pantheon Theatre, with its 2500 seats and the years we spent there, until October, 1926, when we were able to dedicate our own building, and during those years and all the years to follow my life has been devoted to the building of an institution of Liberalism, of love, of tolerance, of brotherhood and of inspiration. So the Easter that has just passed is the 44th which I have spent with the church and the people I love as I love life itself.

Easter day comes at the end of the hardest week of the year—Holy Week. This was the 30th season in which I have preached each noon Holy Week

in the Loop, and each night in the church; and you can imagine that Easter Sunday morning it would be perfectly natural to expect one would be a little tired. But somehow the inspiration of the day eliminates all the spirit of weariness, and when I awoke on Easter morning, while it was rather cool, the sun was shining and the sky was blue. Our first service was at 9:00 o'clock, the next service at 11:00 and the concluding Easter day service at 7:00 in the evening.

At the 9:00 o'clock service we always receive publicly the new members and dedicate the children. We had a fine class of new members, for 115 new members have been received into the church during the year, and the right side of the main floor of the church was filled with the fathers and mothers and families of the little children who had been brought for the dedication service. In some ways it is the most beautiful hour of the entire day. Nearly 1,000 people were present, and there was a spirit of fellowship and love manifest in every note of music, every act performed, and every word spoken. I shall never forget it.

The 11:00 o'clock service is always the largest of the day and this Easter was no exception. Sometimes I am amazed that after all of these years of preaching in one spot in the City of Chicago, that the interest in the work of our church maintains itself as it does. We are in a shifting neighborhood. The changes in the immediate vicinity of the church from what it was years ago would almost be unbelievable, but we have tried to meet the transition and the mere fact that this Easter was one of the best the church has ever known in its history is evidence that we are accomplishing our purpose. Long before 11:00 o'clock the sanctuary was filled and the people started going down to Anderson Hall for the overflow. We amplified the service direct from the pulpit and the choir loft to Anderson Hall. That, too, was filled, bringing our attendance for the one service to 2,000 people. I stood for over an hour after the service greeting people, some of whom I had not seen since last Easter. I did not scold them for their absence. The fact they were there on Easter day was for me an inspiration. To know one has the continuing love and affection of people uninterruptedly through the years sustains me, though there are ministers who become petulant and critical to their Easter congregations.

The Easter music for the entire day under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, was beautiful. There were 70 voices in the choir, assisted by the harpist, Robert Franzen, and our pianist, Miss Karin Swanson. Sometimes I feel, when hearing the beautiful Easter music, that a sermon is almost an intrusion. Easter and music go together and I felt we would have had a triumphant and inspiring Easter day if not one word had been spoken from the pulpit. I went to bed Easter night pretty tired, but I was a long time getting to sleep, for my mind went back across the years and the 44 Easters which I have spent with my church, and I breathed a prayer of deep gratitude that the 44th was one of the finest, most inspiring and beautiful of all the years. I am more grateful than I can possibly express to every one who helped to make our Lenten Season one of inspiration and spiritual sustenance; and want to express on behalf of Mrs. Bradley and myself the joy which you brought to our hearts through the myriads of Easter cards and letters which we received. They were beauti-

ful and the sentiments which they expressed will linger long in our hearts. Surely there is no minister anywhere on this earth more blessed with loyal and devoted friends than I. If there is, I don't know his name.

* * *

I am writing these words prior to my visit to the campus of Kansas State College at Manhattan, where I am to dedicate the All Faith Memorial Chapel on Sunday, so I cannot tell you anything about that experience, but I can tell you about my experience in Cleveland, Ohio, last Sunday. For the first time in my long ministry I have been out of the pulpit five times in one year. This is breaking all records, for in 25 years I was out of the pulpit only four times, but after planning my pre-Easter rest, I did not anticipate I would be out of the pulpit after Easter; but two invitations came to me which I felt ought not to be refused. The first was to become the preacher at one of the great all-church services which is held at the Oriental Consistory Cathedral in the City of Cleveland five times during the year. It is considered a great honor to be invited to preach at this service for all the ministers who are invited are men of not only national, but international reputation in the church world.

After Easter Sunday I did my work in Chicago all week long and left for Cleveland at mid-day Saturday, arriving early evening.

The committee had arranged pleasant accommodations for me in the Hotel Cleveland, and Saturday evening I retired unusually early. When I awakened Sunday morning in the hotel, I could hardly realize it was Sunday and I was not preaching in the morning. But I looked through the Cleveland press and found that my friend, Rabbi Abba Hilliel Silver, was preaching in his great temple for the first time after his return from Israel. I have known Dr. Silver for some time and have appeared with him on various programs, but I have never heard him preach in his own pulpit. Some dear friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Ketcham, called for me and took me to the Temple. Mr. Ketcham is the grandson of my dear friend, Dr. Henry Clark. His mother, Jane, was one of our dearest Chicago friends and passed on some years ago.

Dr. Silver's Temple was filled to overflowing, and we had difficulty in getting seats. Over 2,000 people were present and he delivered an impressive report on Israel—one I would not have missed. As an orator he has no superiors and few equals. It was a service I shall never forget. I asked one of the gentlemen, walking down the exit stairs after the service, "Do you have this crowd at every service?" And he said, "Oh, no. I wish we did; but we were all anxious to hear Dr. Silver on his journey to Israel."

The afternoon service in the Cathedral was another great experience. Mr. Paul J. Lutz, Chairman, and his committee, produced a service of great beauty: a lovely organ prelude, the Scottish Rite Choir with their impressive robes, singing the anthems. The committee always invites a pastor of the day to take charge of the entire service. I was fortunate in my appearance at the service in having as the pastor of the day, the Reverend Dr. L. Wilson Kilgore, Minister of Lakewood Presbyterian Church in Lakewood, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland. Dr. Kilgore, Mr. Lutz, and the Chief Justice Cal V. Weygandt, of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio and a member of the committee, invited me to have dinner with them at the Hotel Cleveland, where we talked over details of the service. I have never

been in a service that worked more smoothly and in which the time element was observed more accurately. This is good for any service. I preached on the subject "Religion in the Modern World," and the kindly expressions which were given me and the letters which I have received from Cleveland all indicate that the sermon was appreciated. In the evening Dr. Kilgore invited me to his church in Lakewood to meet with a group in his church of young people above 'teen age up until about 35. After dinner, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ketcham, in which I was joined by the Reverend and Mrs. Hoffman, a Lutheran Minister whose father I knew here in Chicago and who now has a large thriving church in Cleveland and whose other brother is the preacher on the Lutheran Hour, we were driven to Lakewood where more than 200 of the group I have just mentioned were holding their Sunday evening get-together. It was an inspiring group. Dr. Ketcham and I received written questions from the people. It was most interesting and stimulating. The questions were of a great variety, having to deal with divorce, religion and politics. Dr. Kilgore would take one question and I another. All in all it was one of the most fascinating evenings I have had in a long time. The Lakewood Presbyterian Church is a great church and Dr. Kilgore is most successful there. He is a comparatively young man with vision, broad in his outlook and kindly in his approach. I am not surprised that his church is so flourishing. I hope to meet all my Cleveland friends again.

I returned to Chicago on Monday morning to face another week of work and challenge.

* * *

During the years I have had to face many a difficult situation at a funeral service. I have more than 100 funerals during the church year and while each one is distinctive with its own sorrow, there are times when the challenge seems almost more than even one who has had so much experience can meet. I had such a challenge this week.

Three-year-old Stephen Stanley, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Stanley, Jr., was out in the yard with his mother and in a second of time he apparently put his little hands up on a concrete bird bath, trying perhaps to look into it, but he pulled this bird bath over onto him and was crushed to death. An autopsy showed that death was instantaneous and that the vital organs in the little body had been broken.

As I stood beside the open casket and saw this beautiful child, one of the most beautiful children I have ever seen, with the mother and father, a grandmother and the family sitting before me, I had the most difficult moment I have ever known at a funeral service. As I looked into their faces, and particularly the faces of the father and mother, they seemed to say to me, "Why? Why?" I did not attempt in what I said to answer the question, for I am perfectly honest about it. I don't know why. And it has never seemed adequate for me to repeat in such a situation the familiar phrase, "It is God's will." I have difficulty seeing God's will in a catastrophe of this character.

What I did say was that the success of a life doesn't consist in its length; that that is not the norm by which we are to gauge life. There are those who live to be 80 and have left behind them nothing but memories of their unkindness, their selfishness and their ill will. Perhaps this little child in its three years of beautiful, untainted life has lived its cycle. Who knows? And then I said that death is not powerful enough to ever remove from your heart

the love you have known; that is eternal; and your little boy will always remain your little boy. He will always be as you have known him and loved him. The brutality of life can never touch him. He will always be in your hearts as you have known him.

I thought of my own mother in that connection, for my mother died at 44. Her hair was black as night, and her eyes black as coal. She was beautiful. She went without a moment's warning. That is nearly 44 years ago—my mother would be 87 if she were living today, but I have always had a young mother and I never saw her grow old. I have always loved her youth.

I tried as best I could to speak words which I thought would be comforting and strengthening, without venturing out into an area of uncertainty, which neither I nor any person present could fathom or explain. I was encouraged when, after the service, the father and mother came to me and literally put their arms around me and said, "Dr. Bradley, you have made it possible for us to see all of this tragedy in a new light. Your words have been comforting. We shall never forget them."

These are the experiences in a busy pastor's life that become an abiding part of his own character. I have never permitted any activity of my life, whether it is in connection with the work of the church or any extra-curricular activity outside of the pulpit, whether it has been radio or television or addresses—I have never permitted anything to interfere with my effort to see the sick, the aged and the heart-broken. I get a list of the ill from my church office every Sunday after the morning service, and I try to see every person on that list before the next Sunday. I am in hospitals and sick rooms almost every day of my life and it is the most compensating part of my whole life. Any minister who is too busy to take care of his sick and his troubled had better cut out some of his unnecessary activities and pay more attention to the supreme tasks of being a pastor. I like the word "pastor." It is a better word than "Minister." It means shepherd and that's the truest ideal of the minister—to be a shepherd.

Well, we are at the end of our space, and there is much more I wanted to write, but we will have to wait until next month. My summer plans are maturing and perhaps in the May number I shall be able to tell you about them. Thank you all for a great Easter!

In Gratitude for the Carillon

To the New Carillon

With the chime of your silver bells
We know an angel sings;
We feel the surge of age-old joy
Which music ever brings.

Ring out, sweet bells, and bring us peace
And banish worldly fear;
And may the cadence of your song
Bring joy to all who hear.

Rejoice with us when we are glad,
Bring solace to our tears;
Chime on, dear bells, in unison,
Sing sweetly through the years.

—Olo Vell Bryant

In Gratitude

To Mrs. Marcus Edgar Mason

Our hearts go out in gratitude
To you who gave the chimes.
For your generous love and attitude
We shall thank you many times.

God's blessing will be given
For your kind and thoughtful act,
And a special place in Heaven—
There is no doubt of that.

There are angels looking after
His children here below,
To give us song and laughter
As in spiritual grace we grow.

Heaven seems a wee bit nearer
As we hear the Carillon's tone,
And the hymns get ever dearer
As they enter heart and home.

—Hilda Magnuson

We Publicly Welcomed Into Our Church at Easter

Miss Rlynn Ackerman,
4614 N. Paulina Street, Zone 40

Mrs. Ben E. Ashmore,
4614 N. Paulina Street, Zone 40

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett,
from Austin Methodist Church
5465 W. Thomas Street, Zone 51

Mr. Herbert P. Bennett,
829 Montrose Avenue, Zone 13

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Fuller,
6517 Newgard Avenue, Zone 26

Miss Wohl Gisale,
856 Leland Avenue, Chicago 40

Miss Ethel Green,
from Austin Methodist Church
1324 S. 57th Ave., Cicero, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Evert Hallberg,
1225 Chase Avenue, Zone 26

Miss Minerva Hansen,
822 Cuyler Avenue, Zone 13

Dr. and Mrs. P. C. Hildebrandt,
Libertyville, Illinois

Mr. and Mrs. J. Holly,
1213 Lunt Ave., Des Plaines, Ill.

Mr. Joseph Kniubas,
2915 S. Bonfield Street, Zone 8

Miss Patricia Mason,
830 Waveland Avenue, Zone 13

Mr. and Mrs. James I. Poole, Jr.,
from Epworth Methodist Church
830 Lakeside Place, Zone 40

Mr. Richard Poole,
from Epworth Methodist Church
830 Lakeside Place, Zone 40

Mr. Charles H. Russell,
2024 N. Clark Street, Zone 14

Miss Victoria Sandell,
1948 Wilson Avenue, Zone 40

Mrs. E. A. Scheurle,
1219 Ross Ct., Downers Grove, Ill.

Mr. Benjamin Edward Seamon,
5048 Marine Drive, Zone 40

Mrs. Carrie Sheibner,
5240 Sheridan Road, Zone 40

Mr. Thomas J. Spraggins,
1345 W. Jarvis Avenue, Zone 26

Mrs. Anna Stromberg,
2433 Warner Avenue, Zone 18

Mrs. B. C. Tegler,
1666 Juneway Terrace, Zone 26

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin L. Thompson,
from Lynwood Methodist Church,
Kansas City, Mo.,
5814 Newport Avenue, Zone 34

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Turner,
612 Barry Avenue, Zone 14

Mrs. Marie Walsh,
2433 Warner Avenue, Zone 18

"LET MUSIC FILL THE AIR!"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, March 11, 1956—Dedication of Carillon

MUSIC, in any form which it utilizes to project its beauty, is its own best interpreter. In spite of the magnificent utterances of the poets and the dramatists down through the ages, whenever human speech and human words attempt to portray the beauty and the power of music they all fail! Music possesses in its own heart a depth of soul and spiritual beauty which defies human speech. Music is never the utterance of words—music is only obedience to the immortal harmonies of the Divine! It is intangible and, while in the actual operation of musical composition, there is obedience to certain definite scientific and mechanical laws, yet the result of obeying the technical, logical quality of music is one which defies analysis!

All music had its origin in nature! The greatest musicians are the musicians of nature! No instrument designed by the mind of man has ever yet been able to capture the full melody of a waterfall; no instrument designed for

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK in his latest book, "What Is Vital in Religion?" includes a sermon which he preached entitled "A Great Christ and Little Churches." In that sermon he tells of one time in his youth when he experienced a complete breakdown, and developed suicidal tendencies. At that time he said he found "The deep things of Christ." At a later time he said if he had not had that experience he could never have written one of the most widely read books on the subject, "The Meaning of Prayer," which is still read today.

All his life Dr. Fosdick has been prèèminently concerned with presenting the deeper meaning of Christ rather than the unimportant surface aspect of Christianity—the kind of Christianity that has emphasized through the centuries the broad, shallow places, and not the deep, abiding places!

I think in this hour that is one of the tragedies of Christianity—that we find a world seething in materialism, far removed from the true spirit of Christ. We have too often taken to the darkened areas of the world the "mumps and measles" of Christianity rather than the deeper mystery and deeper meaning of Christianity. We have taken the labels, the controversies, the arguments.

The Christianity which is vital and transforming in a human life is a Christianity that seeks the deep things of God—the penetrating beauty of the spirit of Christ. And the little churches of the world have emphasized the non-essential, unimportant factors and have failed to so touch the motives of man that he could build a world of truth and brotherhood, of beauty, peace, splendor and dignity!

There are deep things of God and deep things of the spirit of Christ that we ought never to permit anything to prevent us from experiencing! The great depths of love; the fact of brotherhood; the blessings of kindness; the sweetness of tolerance—all the great depths of Christ! If we could dedicate our Christianity to these depths, the transformation would happen almost over night, as it sometimes happens to a human life when that life leaves the shallows and finds the depths of God!

"Let Music Fill the Air"

(*Continued from page 9*)

orchestra or solo performance, or any other expression, has ever been able to capture the full rhapsody of a trembling brook; no instrument yet has ever been able to project the full spiritual significance of the rise and fall of the tides of the sea! The blowing of the wind through a reed has within it more music than man's intellectual effort to project sound! All music originated in the divine beauty of nature itself! Undoubtedly, the first musical instrument which man ever designed, in order to make more articulate his own spiritual hunger and develop his own sense of rhythm, was the percussion instrument —stretching a piece of dried hide over some sort of a vehicle! And there, in the rhythm of that, is the origin of the great orchestras of today! The first music was man's effort to establish rhythm—not sound, not melody, not tone, but rhythm! And man was seeking out of the depths of himself to pound and beat rhythmically his relationship with nature and with the Eternal! From there, in the long evolution of the instruments of music, we go to the instruments which are known in orchestration as the wind instruments. And there again, in that next step, with the flute, man was attempting to add to the rhythm of the dried parchment over a barrel, and he made one further step in his advance of musical achievement! And in spite of the introduction of electronic energy in the application of the transference of sound, man has only made these three steps! They are the elemental ones, and everything that we know of, from the full orchestration of the magnificent symphony to the little boy blowing his mouth organ, can all be resolved to these three basic fundamentals! The last to come—as he added to the percussion, as he added to the wind, the last to come were the strings, and man, in this trinity of effort to express the Harmony of God, has modern music as we know it today!

What is music? I wish that the language that I am now speaking was sufficiently inclusive to project with accuracy the full meaning of music! There *are no* words! For music depends, for its full appreciation, on the awakening of emotional vibration! Music is the vibration of the spiritual, the spiritual of infinity seeking through the spheres, and with every available medium, to find the music in your soul! And every soul has music! And every soul responds to melody! I'm not speaking in the technical sense at all—I'm speaking in the deeper, mystical and philosophical sense of what is behind man's effort with music! The divinity is harmony; the law is harmony; the ultimate of the application of the law is melody, and the result of melody is association with the Divine! That is why music hath charms to soothe the fevered brow; that is why music, intangible, mystical music, has an opportunity to put its arms around a wounded soul, even when that soul is immersed in the filth and vileness of sin! That is why a note of music has frequently transformed a life; that is why it has brought back old associations and old memories with the fragile loveliness of life itself! MUSIC! And that is why, when we expose ourselves to the beauty and the harmony of music—not the clash, clatter and din of life; not the confusion and the pagan, almost neurotic minors of so much that we call "modern music"; not the anarchy of music, for music has its anarchy; not the materialism of music, for music can be material—music can inspire the deepest passions of the human heart! We know that in the great march of martial music

through the ages men have gone into battle and have indicated a type of bravery inspired by music!

Music has the power of arousing the elemental passions of life! It *can* be an ally of sin! *That* is *not* the music I'm speaking of! Nor is it the *kind* of music I am speaking of! It's the music that sublimates! There are certain compositions—one in particular which I recall —which they claim one cannot hear without their heartbeat being influenced—that it is so stupendous in its power that it will *influence* the beating of the human heart! There are notes that, when properly trained, will SMASH a cut-glass goblet on your table! Music has within it a power either to elevate, transform, dignify and beautify, or it has a power to become an ally of the lower levels of life! That is why it is as important to surround ourselves with a beautiful harmony as it is to have good food and proper clothing and a good book! A home that tries to live without melody is a home that will break in discord! And it's only when these melodies are applied and understood that music, in its full beauty, flowers in the human spirit! If I did not believe in a divine and creative cooperating intelligence in the cosmos I should *have* to believe in such an intelligence when I listen to the wind in the rushes by the sea! I do not need your sacred writs; I do not need your creeds nor your theologies; I do not need your arguments and your theories to verify for me that there is a divine, creative spirit in the cosmos!

POLONIUS AND OUR TOWERS

By GREGG CARTER

ONE of the most interesting columnists in journalism today is Sidney J. Harris. His *Strictly Personal* appears in the Daily News. He is critic to the artificial and surface-living society which is America today. He never fails to combine both sense and sensibility; he has much of Bernard Shaw without the pleading, and of H. L. Mencken without the self-righteousness and "terrible child" manners. I should like to echo a sentiment which he expressed in a recent column: ". . . they think that Polonius was right when he said 'to thine own self be true and it follows as night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.' This statement, shrewdly placed by Shakespeare in the mouth of one of his most windy, vapid and self-seeking characters, has assumed almost Scriptural status in modern society; and scarcely anyone has bothered to examine what it really means."

Nothing follows so little like night the day as the idea that by fixing the image of ourselves we see in the mirror of our mind's eye, by defining honor, justice, love, and honesty in terms of how we feel, in terms of our own selves, that all will be well with the world and with us. Pity it is that this false note of personal piety, the "I'll be good, and IF everybody else is good, the world will get better and better" gospel has made such a wide and consistent sweep of American protestantism—both liberal and conservative Christianity. One result is that American protestants are religiously illiterate, for they have ceased to read or take seriously the only classic source of religious and ethical literature which was available to them, the Bible. Having broken the rule, though too often tyranny, which the clergy exercised in the life of the state, of education, and of spiritual culture most protestants have substituted the

middle class standards in which they are brought up for the demands of Christian faith to actualize justice in the social order, to apply love to human situations beyond the level of immediate personal relations. American protestantism, except at the somewhat unrepresentative level of the National Council of Churches lacks many voices who will speak out against the injustice to be found in the American community. How many pulpits in Chicago, where it is relatively safe to do so, have even commented on the fact that a major Christian revolution is taking place in Montgomery, Alabama, where fifty thousand Negroes have simply, quietly, without any violence on their part, in a most Christian manner, refused to put up longer with the inherent injustice of segregated buses. The irony of this is that the public transportation of that city is owned by a Chicago firm!

When I look at protestant churches, I never fail to sense hypocrisy and comfort-protection as basic motifs of church life. For most protestants Christ has become the "savior of the forty hour week." If I did not believe that God works in "mysterious ways his wonders to perform," I'm sure that I would leave the church for it seems that the work of the church is often being carried out much better by the Civil Liberties Union, or the Chicago Crime Commission, or the Red Cross. It has been said that the function of the clergy is "to comfort the afflicted and to afflict the comfortable." I suspect we score far higher on the former than the latter. In fact, it would be quite plausible to argue that the Public Schools are much better vehicles for the spread of religion and its Christian application than are the churches.

Every morning when I awake, I open the blinds of my bedroom and look out at the most beautiful church in Chicago, the First Unitarian Church, and at its tower and steeple which soar over two hundred feet above Hyde Park roof tops. It is as near to the Cathedral of Salisbury as any Parish Church could be. But unlike Salisbury it has not stood for hundreds of years. In fact, it is having to be repaired although only thirty years old. The bitterness of Chicago weather and the acids and grime which we breathe have cut out the mortar between the stone and now the tower must be tuckpointed. But with this operation it can stand for many years. You know, there is a certain parallel between church towers and human lives. However carefully we build we cannot survive the corrosions of daily life without having "our mortar washed out" and unlike the church tower, we must be rebuilding continually. We must rebuild our lives with those nearest to us for the wear of little slights and petty actions weaken us. We must attack the problems of our community with vigor, courage, and well-based optimism—for it is our community life which shapes us as much as we shape it.

American protestants act, if they act at all, through voluntary groups "to do" or "to prevent." You are engaged in building your tower and making your society what you want it to be or you are destroying your tower and being made by your society. At the very basis of action is choice. The choice is up to you. Make your society a better one or let it destroy you—I suspect there is no middle ground. To end with a concrete instance: Dr. Bradley and some community leaders of the Uptown area are taking stock of what can be done to save this area from blight and further neighborhood deterioration. You can join in this effort as individuals; and thus you will find your "real self" more quickly than by looking in the mirror.

BOOK CHATS

HOMER A. JACK, of Evanston, edited *The Gandhi Reader,* published by the Indiana University Press on February 13, 1956. Dr. Jack has been Minister of the Unitarian Church of Evanston, Illinois, since 1948; he is a graduate of Cornell University (B.S., M.S., Ph.D.) and the Meadville Theological School (Unitarian). He writes frequently for the interdenominational weekly, "The Christian Century," as well as other religious journals. Dr. Jack spent five months in Asia, attending the Asian-African Conference at Bandung as a journalist, and also visiting eight Asian countries and interviewing their leaders. He was inside Goa on August 15th during the mass Satyagraha by Indians and travelled widely throughout India gathering material. His lifetime interest in Mahatma Gandhi and his recent visits with close associates of this great man have culminated in *The Gandhi Reader,* a source book of the Mahatma's life and writings.

In South Africa, where Gandhi lived from 1893 to 1914, Dr. Jack was the guest of Manilal Gandhi, the son of the teacher and prophet. Later, in India, the scene of the Mahatma's greatest political and spiritual triumphs, he talked with Devadas Gandhi, another son, and spent a good deal of time with Pyarelal, Gandhi's secretary. Here, also he visited with Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, Vinoba Bhave, and Ghaffar Khan, the frontier Gandhi living in Pakistan. His acquaintance with Gandhi's intimates has aided Dr. Jack in making authoritative selections for this anthology, *The Gandhi Reader.*

Dr. Jack is a former executive secretary of the Council Against Discrimination of Greater Chicago, he is a frequent writer and speaker on religious social action and race relations. His articles have appeared in the Saturday Review, Christian Century, The Progressive, and in newspapers and magazines published in London, Geneva, Durban, New Delhi, Rangoon and Djarkarta. He also has edited two earlier anthologies, *The Wit and Wisdom of Gandhi* and a volume of tributes to Albert Schweitzer on his eightieth birthday.

In 1952 Dr. Jack spent three months in Africa, visiting 13 countries from French West Africa to the Union of South Africa. He was guest of Albert Schweitzer at his jungle hospital in French Equatorial Africa and also toured the Union of South Africa extensively to study the African and Indian movements against apartheid.

Albert Einstein once wrote of Gandhi: "Generations to come will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth."

The publishers say of this book that it is for those who would understand one of the undeniably great men of our century, perhaps of all time. It gives in one volume the significant writings by and about Mahatma Gandhi—writings culled from 500 volumes, newspapers and magazines.

Though Gandhi himself wrote few books, we are told that the Gandhi literature already is approaching in volume that written about Jesus or Lincoln. There was a steady stream of editorials, addresses and letters from the pen of Gandhi. The most important of these are in *The Gandhi Reader.*

Also there are generous selections from his Autobiography, first published in 1925, and descriptions of the Mahatma by Romain Rolland, Jawajarlal Nehru, Rabindranath Tagore, Louis Fischer, and many others. Also, as a vital part of this literature are Gandhi's addresses, and his letters to Franklin Roosevelt, Adolf Hitler, and Chiang Kai-shek, and to the British, Japanese, and Czech people.

One gains a new perspective on India from this book, on the British Empire, the birth of the Republic of India, and South Africa, at the turn of the century. The book is not all politics, however, for Gandhi explains Hinduism and other Eastern religions, describes his child marriage and gives his views on diet and birth control.

From his birth at Porbander in 1869 to his assassination in New Delhi in 1948, all the drama that was Gandhi—and the British Empire shook when he fasted—is packed into this remarkable book. *The Gandhi Reader* includes extensive material from Indian publications, now available in this country for the first time.

We do not know of a country until we know and understand the people. It is people who make history. Wherever the reader opens *The Gandhi Reader,* he will become enmeshed in its pages and will find it hard to leave.

* * *

The John Day Company has published a book called *The Golden Years,* by Thomas Collins. The sub-head is "An Invitation to Retirement." The publishers say it is "the most practical guide to retirement ever published, based on thousands of actual experiences of retired people, their failures as well as their successes." It is based not on what one man thinks *ought* to work but on what has or has not worked. Thomas Collins, the author, has been conducting for five years a syndicated newspaper column on retirement, under the same title as this book, with a circulation of twelve million. Having received more than twelve thousand letters from readers, and having interviewed more people than he has counted, who have told him their retirement problems and how they have licked them, when Thomas Collins writes of farming as a livelihood or a hobby for "the golden years" he can draw on the experiences of hundreds of actual people who have tried it. He has equal authority on moving to a new community, on homes for older people, on living with one's children, on part-time businesses, on pensions and their shortcomings, on widowhood, etc.

Much of the book is devoted to case histories, rather than advice. The author has been a newspaperman for more than twenty years, in Georgia, Kentucky and Chicago. He has been feature editor of the Daily News since 1946. He gives a lecture course at Northwestern University on the same topic as his book. Here are the chapter headings: An Invitation to Retirement —The Mild Blue Yonder—The Fish Don't Bite Very Well After Sixty-five —How to Make Money in Retirement —The Old Folks at Home—Down on the Farm and Out—Your Children—$10,000 is Not Money—How to Keep a Husband Alive—The Widow Can Find Her Way Alone—The Single Woman Retires to Happiness—Don't Pay Too Much For a Pension—Why Not Retire Before You Have To—How to Outwit Compulsory Retirement—The Day You Retire.

* * *

Dr. Lowell Russell Ditzen is Pastor of the Reformed Church in Bronxville, New York. He has written *Personal Security Through Faith* and scores of articles for Church Magazines, including *The Presbyterian* and *The Christian Century.* In 1948 Dr. Ditzen was

Exchange Preacher under the Federal Council of Churches of the United States and Great Britain, during which period he traveled throughout England, Scotland and France. His recent book, *You Are Never Alone,* is published by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. In this book he has brought his wisdom to bear on the problem of loneliness. There is inspiration and reassurance in these 253 pages.

The author's first chapter is entitled "Every Man Seems Alone." He speaks of a work of Lorado Taft's at the Art Institute which depicts "The Solitude of the Soul," and adds, "You have known times of deep loneliness, times when the you that is most deeply you could not be communicated to another. And if with your eyes you have not seen Taft's truth in stone you know the truth in your heart." He tells of coming across a neighbor's lad curled up by a creek who was hugging his dog and tears stained his cheek.

"Billy what in the world are you doing down here? Planning to do some fishing?"

"No, no fishing."

"Anything the matter that I might help?"

"No, nobody can help."

"Would you like to just talk about it? Sometimes just putting things out in the open is good."

" 'Twon't do no good. It's just that nobody understands me. Dad gets mad. Mom's too busy. I try to tell them about me, but the right words don't come out, and even if they did it wouldn't make any difference."

"Well, your dog, he understands you, doesn't he?"

"He may want to. But I don't think he can. He has lots of things on his mind. And most of the time I can't even understand him. So if me, a human being, can't always figure him out, how can he, a dog, figure me " . . .

"Many parents have earnestly tried to seek closeness to their children, and have found only unbridgeable chasms separating them. Perhaps they will understand why Kahlil Gibran wrote:

"Your children are not your children
They are the sons and daughters of
Life's longing for itself.
They come through you, but not from
you.
And though they are with you, yet they
belong not to you."

He tells of his friend, Julian Bryan, who travels throughout the world and once wrote him that "You can be lonely in a crowd, in your own home, or in your own business when you seem unable to communicate or to share with people close to you. I think this happens to all of us."

But Mr. Ditzen says that in honesty he has talked with some people who say this feeling is unknown to them, and he tells of a wonderful man he has known and admired for years who assures him that loneliness and aloneness are problems he has never faced. "For more than twenty years he arose at five o'clock in the morning for a long day's work. Now, close to eighty years of age, he arises at six to get his family, household, and three farms, as he puts it, 'in order for the day.' "

Though this man has known sorrow —his wife died when his children were small and he took on the role of both father and mother, and filled that role with loving and patient care. "His eyes are still crisp and fresh, the deeply etched lines on forehead, around the eyes and mouth, are stamped there not by perplexity but by laughter and expectancy. He cups your hand in both of his in greeting. You know he feels! His zest and sympathy warm you like a crackling fireplace on a blizzard day."

"As you learn to know him you rec-

ognize qualities of his heart and mind that have kept loneliness away. He has never indulged in self-pity. Self-centeredness he cordially despises. He works and works hard. He has never belittled the routines of the day, nor let eagerness about tomorrow die out. He meets responsibility not as a burden to be carried but as a privilege to be accepted. He has found and cultivated the secret of losing his life, only to find it. These and other factors, which may enable us to cope with our aloneness, we will do well to consider carefully. You and I can learn from him."

Other chapters are "Our Greatest Asset—Loneliness Can Be A Liability —Yesterday's Memories and Tomorrow's Hopes—The Hidden Heroes of the Heart—The Presence of God—The Companionship of Christ—The World of the Mind—Togetherness in Prayer —All Mankind is With You—On Becoming Happy With Yourself."

At the end of the book Mr. Ditzen lists three pages of books that have helped him in the preparation of the manuscript of *You Are Never Alone,* by 42 authors, a very complete index to a generous library of helpful volumes.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

NOT long ago I stopped in on business at the Uptown Branch of the Social Security Department of our U. S. Government at 1045 W. Lawrence Ave., right near the church. Having to wait a few moments, I picked up some literature I found there on the counter, available to all who came in. Now right away you are thinking, "Oh, this article isn't going to interest me. This is for older people only." That's where you are wrong. This is for young and old provided your time is not so solidly filled up with being useful and busy that you just haven't a minute to give to anything else.

The reason I thought of writing about this is that the other day, in speaking of a man who, though he has a job, isn't kept too busy at it and therefore has a lot of spare time on his hands, a friend said of him: "He told me if he had more work to do—was busier—he wouldn't have time to think and get so upset and morose."

One of the pieces of literature I picked up told about a project that started on a shoestring and which now operates (on an $110,000 annual budget raised by volunteers) a demonstration and training class in the loop; three neighborhood centers in space provided by churches; and sends its helpers to start activity programs for the aged in nursing homes.

Mrs. Marion H. Wagstaff, Director of the project, says that The Senior Citizens Hobby Center had to prove to skeptics three points: (1) That suitable space would be given to open senior centers; (2) that we could recruit and train teachers who want to work with older adults; and (3) that such a project would bring joy and satisfaction to everyone who took part. Mrs. Wagstaff believes these points have been proved.

These Hobby Centers are open one day a week from 10:30 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. in the following locations:

Loop YWCA, 59 E. Monroe St., Mondays.

St. Paul's Friendly Seniors, 2335 N. Orchard, Tuesdays.

Lincoln Senior Center, 1900 N. Sedgwick, Wednesdays.

Austin Senior Center, 5720 W. Fulton, Fridays.

Seniors bring their lunches and a beverage is provided free of charge.

I saw a picture of a woman of 81 and a man of 67, with a younger woman instructor, learning to make Christmas ornaments.

People who are comfortably situated at home could get friends and neighbors, or the members of a club they belong to, to provide parties at holiday times for older persons who are spending their declining years in nursing homes; or in summer picnics could be planned for them, or some kind of entertainment in a nearby church which would supply the room.

Forgotten older men and women yearn for some sign of affection and recognition and a few people who are adept in the art of good human relations would be able to provide a happy, co-operative atmosphere among such a group of older people, who had been given something of interest to do.

Aging is everybody's business; it affects us all, and comes upon us all, whether we will or no. We can provide ourselves with interests in life, all along the way, if we will make the effort. It isn't so much money that we need, as interests in life. Many people with a great deal of money find life very dull. They haven't provided themselves with any real interest in life, over and above themselves — their complaints and wants.

We are very fortunate in this country and are realizing that where men and women have an opportunity to live longer, they are able to use the latent talents of old age. In experimenting with a hobby you may find you have a real hidden talent you had never had time to discover or foster.

If you need a new interest, if you want to volunteer, if you would like to be a craft aid, if you or a group you are a part of want to provide a party for older men and women in a nursing home, or if you know of a nursing home that would like to start a craft program for its patients, call up SENIOR CITIZENS HOBBY CENTER, Franklin 2-6911. Or if you would like to find a hobby and a place to work on that hobby, call this number about it.

* * *

I picked up another piece of literature and there was a list of North Side GOLDEN AGE CLUBS, some of which were listed as social clubs, some had classes in needlework and ceramics. One listed a Grandmothers Chorus and Symphony. There were five listed under Jewish Community Centers. One could write some of these clubs and ask for more information about them. Or write to Social Security Dept., 1045 W. Lawrence, enclose a stamped addressed envelope and ask them to send you the Directory of North Side Golden Age

Clubs, and any information on hobbies they have.

* * *

Another bit of information I secured was five sheets of typewritten lists of books (with their reference numbers) giving titles of books on every known craft imaginable: BASKETRY — BOOKBINDING — COIN COLLECTING — DECORATING CHINA, GLASS, FURNITURE — DRAWING — EMBROIDERY — ENAMELING — PAPERCRAFT — DOLL MAKING — PHOTOGRAPHY — PLASTIC ART CRAFTS — POTTERY — SCULPTURE — STENCILLING — and any number of other skills.

* * *

Be sure to be persistent about this investigation. Visit more than one club or society. See what more than one of them is doing and then decide which one best fits your need. Perhaps you can make some lovely thing for your favorite church bazaar. Perhaps you can help, or learn to be an instructor. One thing is certain. You need not become morose because there is nothing you can do to fill the vacant hours.

* * *

There was a rush of poetry in the Mail Bag this month. Bertha Annis sent a couple of poems. She lives in South Bend, Indiana:

OMNIPOTENCE

If He, who made the stars and sun and moon
Can keep them firm in course without a trace
Of ever rising in the sky too late or soon,

If He who made all in the human race
Without two people being just the same
In voice or song or thought or deed or smile
While changeless He remains in strength and name
Through yesterday, today and all the while,

If He can even mark each sparrow's fall,
And give the strength to seeds that they may grow
Into a mighty forest, straight and tall,
With seasons of the year that come and go,
Then who can doubt that His almighty power
Can well supply the needs of every hour?

* * *

Howard W. West, Veterans Representative, State of Illinois, sent a telegram to Dr. Bradley on the occasion of his 44th Anniversary:

"Mrs. West joins with me in extending sincere congratulations and best wishes on your anniversary commending you on spiritual service rendered and especially comfort and cheer to our disabled veterans."

One came from Viola Ezekelian, President of Blind Service Association:

"Blind Service Association sends greetings and warmest congratulations on your 44th Anniversary of distinguished community service."

The following from Lewisburg, Tennessee, was from Mr. Herbert H. Hunter, President of the Board of Trustees of the church, and Mrs. Hunter:

"Congratulations and very best wishes on your 44th Anniversary. It is a remarkable record and an inspiration for all of us. Sorry we can't be with you personally but we will certainly be with you in spirit at eleven o'clock Sunday."

* * *

Mr. M. E. Farris, 1st Vice President of the Uptown Lions Club writes:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

At a recent meeting of your Lions Club the discussion turned to the fact that you will be celebrating the 44th anniversary of your Pastorate of The Peoples Church. The many fine expressions made about you were warming to the heart, and believe me, you certainly have a host of friends in this club.

On behalf of the officers and members, it is my privilege to send along to you our congratulations on your anni-

versary and our finest of wishes for the future.

* * *

Myrtle Clark, President of the Conference of Presidents and Program Chairmen sent a Thank-U-Gram which reads:

In recognition of the *good you have done,* Dr. Bradley—by that superb, profound and inspirational talk yesterday. When the Conference "gals" need a spiritual pick-up, I feel I just must have you for the vitamin giver.

When the vitamins themselves need an uplift, I will prescribe you to the drug companies. Our members walked out of Fullerton Hall with stars in their eyes—thank you and THANK YOU. I am leaving for Cuba now.

Most appreciatively,
Myrtle Clark.

* * *

At that same Conference, of which Mrs. Clark is the President, Clifford Lyon, President of the Hemophilia Foundation, appeared for a brief plea in behalf of his Foundation work. He writes:

It was extremely gratifying to have the privilege of appearing on the same platform as you at the Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen. I sincerely meant it when I said you have always been one of the strongest friends the Midwest Chapter has ever had. Your encouragement of our work has helped to make our way easier and has earned the gratitude of our many young sufferers.

You may be interested in knowing that the students of the University of Illinois, Champaign Campus, have just donated 27 pints of blood to our group and the young men from an air defense battalion have donated an additional 30 pints.

At the Morris B. Sachs Amateur Program last Sunday Mr. Sachs and I backstage spoke very glowingly of your interest on our behalf.

Sincerely yours,
Clifford T. Lyon, President

* * *

Our members of long standing will be doubly interested in the next letter, because it is written by Alta Dalyrymple, who lives at the Old Peoples Home on Vincennes Avenue, and in it Mrs. Dalyrymple refers to a former member of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church, known to many:

Dear Miss Smalley:

I received such a charming surprise letter from an old member of the Club, Martha W. Widener, of Freeport, Long Island, New York. She saw my name in the Liberalist and said it made her think of my selling her a davenport and she was sure she never quite finished payments on it. This must have been at least thirty years ago. I have no memory of the transaction at all. It is like finding ten dollars so I am giving it at this Easter time for the fine work Dr. Bradley has been doing these many years.

Mrs. Widener has a nice home she had paid for proudly and has thrown open the doors and dedicated it to "Gold Star Mothers and Widows."

There is a carefully selected Library of inspiring books of great comfort by world famous authors and teachers. Her life sounds full of interesting and unselfish work.

She spoke of the educational work we did in the Woman's Club so many years ago.

Forgive me for taking up so much of your valuable time.

Give my love to Dr. and Mrs. Bradley.

Devotedly yours,
Alta Dalyrymple.

Mrs. Dalyrymple is one of those who will never find time hanging heavy on

her hands. She loves living out at the Home and on the day when I showed my pictures of Switzerland there, she was not able to stay to see them all, because she had promised to take one of the elderly ladies to the doctor on that day, so had to leave before the travel talk was finished.

* * *

Dr. Bradley sent his friend, Melvyn Douglas, who as a young man had been a member of Jimmie's Uptown Players of our church, a handkerchief which had belonged to Clarence Darrow. Dr. Bradley and Clarence Darrow had had a series of debates. One evening Dr. Bradley while seated on the platform remarked to Clarence Darrow that he had forgotten his handkerchief, and Mr. Darrow let Dr. Bradley take one of his, as he had two with him. The next time they met Dr. Bradley said he regretted he had forgotten to bring the handkerchief and Mr. Darrow said, "Oh, keep it." All these years it had been kept. Across the corner of it was embroidered "Clarence Darrow."

When the play "Inherit the Wind" came to Chicago recently, Dr. Bradley sent the handkerchief to Melvyn Douglas. The following letter was received:

Dear Preston:

Forgive me for being so tardy in writing to thank you for your telegrams and, more especially, for the Darrow memento. Nothing could have been more thoughtful, and I assure you that I shall treasure that handkerchief. I have been sorely tempted to use it in the play, but hesitate to do so, fearing that many more launderings would finish it off. So I shall just keep it close at hand as a reminder of his presence.

I hope you will be able to come soon, and if you can let me know ahead of time, perhaps we can get together for a snack and some conversation after the show. . . . . You may be interested to know that Paul Darrow and quite a number of others who knew the old man well have seen the play and have encouraged me by saying that the performance catches a great deal of the spirit of CD.

Thank you again, and warmest regards.

Cordially yours,
Melvyn Douglas.

If you haven't seen "Inherit the Wind," do make every effort not to miss it. We do not often see anything to equal it in Chicago.

* * *

Many requests have been made that we publish the Palm Sunday sermon. It will be published in a future number, probably in June. Here is one of the requests:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your Palm Sunday sermon was a *gem*. We have heard many gems from you and sometimes from other members of the clergy, but none, in our opinion, surpassed this one. We said it was a *"gem;"* it was more than that,—a gem without a flaw.

May the Lord grant you the strength to carry on. Such is our affectionate wish.

Always sincerely,
Alice and Wood Morgan.

* * *

From the University of Illinois, Urbana, came this letter from the President:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was a great inspiration to have you attend and participate in the Citizens Committee meeting, and I am grateful for the good will and good opinion which you expressed.

I look forward to our meeting again.

Sincerely,
David D. Henry, President.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH

7—Book Lecture. Peoples Church

8—Address. Fullerton Hall,
Art Institute. Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen.
P. T. A. Association. Lew Wallace High School Auditorium. Gary, Ind.

9—Meeting. Friends of Literature.
Evanston, Illinois.
Address. Lake Shore Club.

10—Two funerals.

11—Two services. Peoples Church.

12—Banquet. Burns Grange Hall.
Kewanee, Illinois. School of Agriculture and Home Economics.

13—Banquet. Waukegan Junior Chamber of Commerce. Hanks Restaurant, Skokie Highway.

14—Book Lecture, Peoples Church.

15—Address. Banquet. International Harvester Co., Safety Dinner. Ballroom, Shawnee Hotel. Springfield, Ohio.

16—Address. Practical Nurses' Association. Sky Club, Leland Hotel, Aurora, Illinois.

17—Wedding.

18—Two services. Peoples Church.

19—Address. Annual Dinner, Salvation Army, DesMoines, Iowa. Hotel Savery.

20—Kiwanis Club. Faust Hotel. Rockford, Illinois.
Address. Men's Club. People's Church.

21—Funeral.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

22—Address. P.T.A. Avoca School,
Wilmette, Illinois.

23—Address. Lincoln High School,
Milwaukee, Wis.
Sermon. Civic Lenten Service.
First Methodist Church,
Milwaukee, Wis.

24—Wedding.

25—Two Services. Peoples Church.

26—Funeral. Two Sermons. Erlanger Theatre.
Holy Week Service.
Peoples Church. Holy Week Service.

27—Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Sermon. Peoples Church.

28—Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Sermon. Peoples Church.

29—Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Sermon. Peoples Church.

30—Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Sermon. Peoples Church.

31—Two Weddings.

FUNERALS

10—Harve Timmons
Robert Robertson

21—Elizabeth Ortmann

26—William Bloom

WEDDINGS

17—Polly Kemmerling and Ray Hall

18—Ann Mitnick and Santo J. Neri

24—Aubrey Roll and Detlev Prinslor

31—Mrs. Elinor Waldron and Chester L. Riedermann

Marti Silagi and Howard Macey

CHRISTENINGS

18—Roger Duquette Schorr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schorr

25—Karen Dorothy Jensen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eigil Jensen
Linda Jeanne Clarahan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarahan

CHRISTENINGS AT EASTER

APRIL

1—Sharon Lee Hirsch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hirsch
Karin Aina Plummer, Ina Rhonda Plummer, Richard Charles Plummer, Charlyn Lorraine Plummer, children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plummer
David Mark Stone, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Stone
Roxanne Weymouth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Weymouth
Julia Hicks Fuller (Adult)
Edith Charleen Busija, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Busija

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education.....9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service (from November to Easter).....7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (from November to Easter).....8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club (from September through April) Opening Luncheon in Sept. 1956. Summer events by notice to members. Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle, Corresponding Secretary, 4442 Magnolia Ave. (40).....12:30 noon

Professional and Business Woman's Club—(from September through April)—Wednesday, May 2nd, Annual Spring Dinner, Math Igler's Casino, 1627 Melrose, Guests of Honor, Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley.....6:00 p.m.
(Corr. Sec., Mrs. Peggy Noble, 930 W. Argyle St. (40)

Men's Club (from Sept. through May) Meetings held on 4th Tuesday. Tuesday, May 29th, Election of Officers, Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest Speaker. Men only.....8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, as announced, Anderson Hall.....8.00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday. New Members Welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall.....3:30 p.m.

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